

Puppy Denial

by Princessive

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Summary: A love letter ends up with the creation of "Operation: Get Shouyou to Notice Kageyama," but actually trying to get Shouyou to understand ends up being a lot harder than everyone thinks it would be, especially considering Kageyama doesn't seem to be helping his own cause at all! Kagehina

1. Mission 1

It all started with a sticky note.

When Hinata came charging into the volleyball club room as a squealing mess, no one paid him any mind and continued their business as usual. But, when the short middle blocker started waving a bright blue sticky note in the air, screaming something about it being from a secret admirer, everyone's interests were suddenly piqued and the entire club turned their heads to look at the happy-go-lucky orange-haired idiot smiling cheekily at them, the expressions on the rest of the team's faces having varied degrees of surprise on them.

"Oi, Hinata," Tanaka deadpanned, jealousy evident in his unwavering, blunt tone. "What does it say?"

"Yes, we're all interested, Shouyou," came Nishinoya's voice in an equally flat tone, his voice seething with envy.

"Ah!" Hinata's bright amber eyes lit up with excitement as he stared down at the sticky note, squinting his eyes at the messy scrawl. "It's kinda hard to read, but I think it says 'Shouyou Hinata, I like being around you. Here's a meat bun.' Then, there's some x's and o's here, and there's a badly drawn bird on the side, and I think there's a dark red stain that kinda looks like curry on the bottom right corner for some reason... But!" The energetic boy stood up higher with pride, planting the palms of his hands on his hips. "This is my first love letter ever and I will treasure it forever!"

"Wa... That doesn't sound romantic..." Even though Tanaka was emanating with jealousy just a couple seconds ago, now his voice was washed over with obvious disappointment. He walked over to his underclassman and snatched the dirty piece of paper from the short boy's hands, carefully scrutinizing the entirety of the note. "This doesn't have any feminine charm at all!"

This time, it was Nishinoya's turn to snatch the so-called "love letter" away, ignoring the desperate cries from behind him. "Right, Ryuu... This is lacking the appeal of a girl! Whoever wrote this must be a dud."

"Come now, guys." Sugawara's gentle voice filled the now-silent club room as he carefully plucked the note away from Nishinoya, examining every single detail on it. "Ah. I feel like I recognize this handwriting." He patted Hinata away when the orange-haired boy tried to make a quick grab for it, and the grey-haired upperclassman walked up to the beautiful manager sitting next to Daichi. "Here, Shimizu. Do you recognize this?"

Her dark-eyes stared at the blue paper with a blank expression. "Um. Yes. I think so." She took the paper in her hand, her fingers massaging the horribly written characters messily plastered on the paper, before giggling quietly to herself. "Ah, this is interesting."

But before anyone could continue their investigation into Hinata's secret admirer, the flustered and frustrated boy stole the note away and, with a purposely loud huff of annoyance, stormed away from the club room with clenched hands, mumbling something about finishing the rest of his pork bun.

The pretty dark-haired girl continued to giggle even after Hinata's leave, covering her small mouth with her hands. "The handwriting is Kageyama's."

Sugawara nodded all-knowingly, his eyes sparkling with pride for himself as he knew his hunch was correct on this one. Nishinoya and Tanaka were all rolling on the floor in bouts of boisterous laughter, tears of happiness streaming down their pink cheeks, their laughs becoming strained coughs as they clutched their stomachs in pain. Asahi tried calming down the chortling second years, though he himself was experiencing a panic attack from the manager's statement and was trying as hard as he could not to faint.

Daichi, with his arms crossed over his chest as if to signal his authority over everyone, started twitching with impatience as the volleyball club room began to once again be an annoyance to the rest of the clubs around them; so, in the booming voice belonging to someone who was practically born to be a captain and a leader, he yelled for everyone to settle down, and within only a couple seconds, the room was once again silent, everyone sitting down obediently.

"Now," Daichi began, his eyes closed shut. "We don't have any proof that it was actually Kageyama's handwriting. We shouldn't jump to conclusions so quickly. Also..." He gave Tanaka and Nishinoya warning glares. "If it really is him, I expect all of you to respect his romantic pursuit with a mature outlook. Now if you excuse me, I have

some business to attend to." With that, the stern captain strode out of the door, his shoulders hunched upward and his face still crinkled with indignation from the immaturity of his team.

Unfortunately, his departure would only allow for a continuation of their juvenile trivialities. Grinning with mischievous intent, Nishinoya harshly slammed his hand on Asahi's back, who let out a frightened yelp in response, much like how a small puppy would react to hearing a lightning strike.

"I think we should help them," Nishinoya concluded confidently, continuing with, "our teammates' happiness is our happiness, after all!"

Rubbing his back, Asahi's lips quivered, his fingers twiddling together in embarrassment. "Uh, I don't think we should bother them. It would be a bit rude."

"What's so rude about playing cupid?" Sugawara pipes up all of a sudden. He gives one of his signature toothy grins, rearranging his posture in order to be able to move his hands around as he talks. "I think the idea that Kageyama actually feels smitten is a bit charming. It makes you want to cheer someone like him on, you know? Plus, I think it's a bit obvious. From the sidelines, I always see Kageyama paying extra attention to Hinata, even off the court. It's amazing how easily you can read his emotions sometimes, that Kageyama."

"And judging from how he acts around him, Kageyama's gonna need a lot of outside help," Tanaka continued almost seamlessly, everyone else nodding in agreement.

"Then, let Operation: Get Shouyou to Notice Kageyama begin!"

2. Mission 2

During lunch break, Kageyama typically wandered around the school to enjoy some peace and quiet, nonchalantly drinking from the milk carton in his hands. Today, though, Hinata managed to get a hold of him and ended up dragging the poor black-haired victim up on the rooftop to have lunch together.

Never one to bother on trivial things, Kageyama had never really packed a lunch for school, opting to gorge on food when he arrived back home. When the orange-haired boy brought him to the roof, he subconsciously expected to be given food, his stomach grumbling louder than Tanaka's growls at a guy who gets too close to their manager.

Unfortunately, the only thing Hinata gave him was a tiny square piece of baby blue paper. He was very, very uninterested with everything until he recognized the messy scrawl and the stain that still smelled of pork curry, his eyebrows rising in surprise and the corners of his ears growing hot with embarrassment.

"I'm not bragging about this, Kageyama," Hinata said, waving the note in front of the tall boy. He then wraps his hands around it as if it was a small, treasured pet bird, his eyes glowing with happiness. "I just wanted to know if you have any clue who wrote this. I don't want

to get my hopes up too much, but I think it's a pretty girl with super long hair!"

Kageyama sucked on his empty milk carton too much, causing the entire shape to cave in. "You're really an idiot. Why would anyone want anything to do with you?" He tried saying everything with a straight face, but starting with his question, he could feel his lips had started to waver, his words sounding uneasy.

Scoffing, the other boy took a step back, deeply offended by the taller boy's words; but before he could get the chance to retaliate, their conversation was interrupted by subdued laughter. Sounds of long footsteps clap on the surface of the roof, and suddenly Hinata's sun is blocked by a looming presence, the shadow wrapping around him taking the familiar shape of Kei Tsukishima.

"Ah, what's the king and shrimpy doing up here?" Naturally, his voice was flooding with sarcasm, every word an annoying stab to his fellow first years.

"We should be asking you the same thing," Kageyama deadpanned. Meanwhile, Hinata was hiding behind the taller boy, sticking his tongue out like a small child.

The blond scoffed at their frivolities, stuffing his hands in his jacket pockets. He weaved his fingers around his pockets, feeling the smooth surface of his phone on the palm of his hands. "I'm always up here. It's relaxing and keeps me away from idiots." He took one glance at the two before darting his eyes away, carefully pulling up his earphones over his head. "Though I guess today's just unlucky for me."

"You're just asking for a fight, aren'tcha?" Hinata tried to do an intimidating voice, but with his wavering lips, he only sounded like a coward.

Instinctively, Kageyama sighed and moved in front of the restless orange-haired boy, shooting a glare towards Tsukishima's direction. The blond cocked a single curious eyebrow and stared at the dark-haired boy, a smirk appearing on his face. "Eh, is the King trying to save his little queen now?"

While Hinata obliviously looked all around him, asking aloud where the so-called queen was, Kageyama's face turned a bright red and he began to stammer. Tsukishima, with a content, smug smile, waved goodbye to the oddball duo and started walking downstairs, the low sounds of the school bell starting to ring in their ears. Kageyama was still trapped in his embarrassed daze, unfazed by the prospect of being late to class. On the other hand, Hinata, who was usually the one being dragged by Kageyama back to class and scolded on never making it to class on time, nudged the taller boy's arm, gazing up at him.

"Hey, Kageyama, we'll be late! I'll race you to class!"

The dark-haired boy seemed to snap back into reality, the sound of a sweet challenge re-energizing him. With a smirk, he readied his step and kicked off, sprinting downstairs and leaving a dumbfounded Hinata behind. The smaller boy responded with a "Kageyama, you turd!" before starting to gallop downstairs, too, now trailing behind the taller

boy.

All the while, Tsukishima, who was standing at the foot of the stairs, stared at the backs of the duo and nodded his head. "Geez... Those two..."

* * *

><p>"Don't mind, don't mind!"<p>

With a sheepish grin, Hinata bounced across the court, watching his taller comrade pick up the stray ball that he had failed to properly serve. The dark-haired boy stared down at the smallish figure, his dark blue eyes growing more intense. Instinctively, Hinata braced himself for Kageyama's usual attack, wondering to himself whether Kageyama would go for his shirt or his head today. Yet, the impact never came, and Hinata was met with only a volleyball in his hands and a short sigh from the mouth of the renowned king.

Weird, he mused to himself. He brushed the question away from his mind for now, putting the thought in one of the very back crevices of his brain, and jogged back in place to practice another serve.

Kageyama returned to the sidelines, casually walking up next to Sugawara who gave him a side glance that lasted much longer than it should have. Curious, the younger setter stole a glance at his upperclassman, who now seemed intent on watching Hinata's poor serves. Thinking it was just his mind playing tricks on him, Kageyama turned back around, though when he did and saw that way too hyperactive orange-haired middle blocker running across the court again, he suddenly felt like he just couldn't watch; so he tore his eyes away and looked to his side, feeling a bit annoyed for some reason.

Sugawara looked at the other setter again, watching as whenever Hinata would yell out something, Kageyama would immediately react with a shocked jolt, look frantically to the ground, then return his gaze to his side, never once even peeking a glance at his teammate. He hesitated in saying anything but a nudge from Tanaka, who then proceeded to give him a thumbs up, prompted the grey-haired boy to tap Kageyama's shoulder.

"Wh-what is it, Sugawara?"

Ah, so he sounds nervous, the other setter thought to himself, a small smile forcing itself onto his face. "You seem fidgety right now. Did something happen between you and Hinata?"

And just by hearing that one dreaded name, the one he's been ignoring for a while now, the dark-haired boy jumped, his eyes wide and his mouth left agape. "I, uh. Uh. Yes but no."

"What happened?"

Kageyama paused, unsure of what to say, but after a while, he continued with a defeated sigh. "It's not something I can talk about openly, but let's just say it's been bothering me for a while."

Sugawara smiled. (In the background, Nishinoya and Tanaka high-fived each other, leaving Kageyama dumbfounded and clueless as to what the special occasion was.) With a deep breath, the grey-haired setter wrapped an arm around the other boy's neck, chuckling softly. "Kageyama, I think we can help you out with your problem there. Sometimes your teammates can help you even when it deals with matters off the court!"

"Err..." Kageyama returned to his stammering, a flustered expression washing over his face. "I don't quite... understand what you mean. I don't really need help with anything."

"It's okay to ask for help! We got your backs!" Sugawara gave him a reassuring smile, all the while patting the taller boy's back softly. "Listen, when we go back to the club room, I want you to stay behind and talk with me a bit. Is that alright?"

Clearly confused, Kageyama stared at the other setter without a word. Usually, he found himself quite busy after club activities; whenever it was time for everyone to get back home, he would always race with Hina_â€" _

He stopped himself before he could continue, a blush crawling up on his cheeks. Speaking of the devil, the orange-haired boy skipped up to the two setters at that moment and looked up at them with bright eyes. "What's with the serious look on your faces? You look really scary, Kageyama."

"Shut up..." he managed to say, though the strain and struggle in his voice was too obvious to not notice, lacking the usual intensity in his voice whenever he would retort at the short boy.

Said boy seemed to ignore the awkwardness in Kageyama's voice altogether, flashing that accursed blue sticky note in front of everyone again, as if he had just won the lottery and was determined to gloat it to death. "So during class, I wrote down a list of possible suspects to this letter and was hoping you'd help me, Kageyama."

"You should be worried about focusing on the lesson, idiot..."

"Says you!" Indignantly, Hinata, with furrowed eyebrows, stamped his feet on the ground, crossing his arms over his chest. "If you help me, I'll get you that new banana-flavored milk in the vending machines."

Sugawara closed his eyes, his voice laced with a tone of disbelief. "You can't possibly be se_â€" _"

"Make that two milks and we got ourselves a deal."

"Done and done."

And with that, the two fervently shook hands and marched their way towards the exit.

"Wait, I_â€" _" _But the stentorian noise of the closed gym doors drown out whatever the poor grey-haired boy had to say. He sat down in defeat, feeling two weirdly synchronized pats on his back. Tanaka and Nishinoya sat down on either side of him, disappointment written all

over their saddened faces.

"Sorry Suga, but our main force of attack is too weak," Nishinoya deadpanned. Sugawara felt like an arrow of harsh words just stabbed him right in the chest with that comment.

"Yeah, at this rate, we'll get nowhere with those guys," Tanaka piped in thoughtfully (for once). There. Another stab in the chest.

Sugawara carefully rubbed his chest, looking down at the ground in shame. "I've never actually been in a romantic relationship before, so I feel like I can't sympathize with them at all. I mean, you two are love experts, right? Wouldn't you guys know what to do with them?"

"Alas," came Tanaka's overly melodramatic girly voice, faked tears forming in the corners of his eyes. "Our love is exclusive only for the likes of Shimizu. Unfortunately, Kageyama isn't anything like our beautiful manager, so we can't really help there."

"Yeah, he's nothing like Kiyoko." Nishinoya let out a hearty chortle, pounding his knee with amusement. "Hey, maybe if Kageyama was more like our manager, he could easily capture Shouyou's heart."

The other two looked at the short boy as if he was some kind of psychotic murderer. Then, the idea of Kageyama looking and acting like their beloved manager sunk into all of their minds all at once, and in a dreadful symphony, laughed loudly with each other; and then, the idea dug deeper into their minds, going into a part of their brains that knew no shame, and all of a sudden their simultaneous cackles came to an abrupt halt, and they looked at each other knowingly, nodding their heads vigorously in agreement as if they had just thought of the same exact thing and telepathically sent it around each other's heads.

This might just be crazy enough to work.

3. Mission 3

"...Haruno, Kanzaki, Gou, Yachi, Satsuki... You recognize any of these names?"

Kageyama gave an absentminded wave of the hand. "Not at all."

"Wh-what! You're so impossible! Do you even know any girls?"

"What kind of a stupid question is that, idiot? Naturally I do. Everyone does, stupid."

"Your mom doesn't count. Or! Or your grandma, or anyone related to you!"

"...Shimizu."

With that, the dark-haired boy simultaneously sipped on both of his banana-flavored milk cartons, the straws dangling from either side of his mouth. Hinata quickly stole one of the milks and took a hefty

sip, prompting Kageyama to shoot a deadly glare at him.

"That still doesn't count, you turd," he whined, plopping himself down on the desk, his stomach flat atop the glossy wooden surface. With a frustrated huff, Hinata playfully hit the side of the taller boy's arm, only to be met with a large hand covering his fluffy orange head. He let out strained noises, a sound that was the product of a combination of both laughter and telling Kageyama to stop it already, because he'll really go bald at this rate. After calming down, only stray giggles escaping his mouth every now and then, Hinata plastered on a serious face and grabbed his list of girls' names again, examining it like a rabid businessman. "Okay, okay, let's get back to work. We haven't made any progress yet, but if we work hard, we'll be able to finish checking the list."

"It's your fault we haven't done anything!" Kageyama yelled, his annoyed tone evident. The shorter boy waved him off impassively, too focused on saying the girl names aloud and asking no one in particular if there was even a little sliver of possibility that they had any romantic sentiments for him.

With a sigh, Kageyama averted his gaze, looking out the window now. "It's not like this is gonna do anything. You're better off asking every girl for their signature and comparing them to the note instead of just asking me if I know whoâ€œ"

"Kageyama!" Hinata interrupted all of a sudden, his bright brown eyes shining with excitement. "That's actually pretty genius! You're amazing! I'm actually really impressed!"

The black-haired setter seemed to be taken aback, because he flinched backward, his mouth fluctuating and unsure of what to say, his cheeks flushed with a tinge of shell pink. "Wh-wha... You... you! Idiot...!"

"I'll be doing that tomorrow, so please help me out!"

"No way," Kageyama deadpanned, swiping the stolen milk carton from Hinata's hand and taking a _take that!_ sip from it. "I already helped you with this. I don't need to be wasting my time with your useless shenaâ€œ" _>

"I'll treat you to some pork curry tomorrow."

"...I don't want pork curry for a while."

"Eh, really?" Hinata's eyes widened in complete and utter shock, but he recomposed himself and squinted his eyes. "What about... a mayo jaga pizza?"

At that, Kageyama's midnight blue eyes sparkled excitedly. "Add an orange ramune to that and it's a deal."

"You're gonna make me poor, you dork," Hinata whined. "But fine, whatever. Deal. But I get some slices of the pizza too!"

"Of course," the dark-haired boy said, almost as if he sounded offended. "Didn't we agree that we always split a mayo jaga between us?"

"Huh? Oh... oh yeah! Because of that one time... Yeah, I remember!" The bouncy orange-haired boy gave a toothy smile, fondly remembering his first pizza memory with the setter. He then stuffed his list of suspects in his messenger bag and tugged on Kageyama's jacket. "Let's go back to the club room. I need to give you something."

The setter was surprisingly absentminded, and his eyes were focused solely on Hinata's lingering fingers pinching his jacket. With a blink, he knocked himself out of his reverie and stared at the orange-haired boy, who was smiling up at him as he always did.

Kageyama then started training his eyes on anywhere but Hinata, stuffing his hands in his pants and jacket pockets. "Alright, let's go."

* * *

><p>Back in the boys' volleyball club room, Nishinoya and Tanaka were frantically moving about, screaming out about something pertaining to being the "craziest plan ever". Sugawara, though not at all loud like the two troublemaking second years, was nodding his head at what they were saying. Shimizu, who seemed really worried about something, was restless in her sitting position, her head looking like it was about to explode from thinking and fretting too much.<p>

Nervously, Asahi spoke up. "Uh, what exactly is this plan of yours...?"

"I'm glad you asked, Asahi," Nishinoya piped up, grinning from ear to ear. "You see, Ryuu and Suga and I have planned the most ingenious planâ€œ"

"â€œyou said plan twiceâ€œ"

"â€œthat would help Shouyou realize just how amazing our dear old setter is. And... and Ryuu! Don't interrupt me when I'm in the middle of something! Jerk!"

Tanaka bellowed out a bout of laughter, shooting glances at everyone in the room. "As you see, whenever we see our manager, you get that goody goody feeling in your stomach, right?"

Asahi blanched, nervously scratching his face. "Uh... well..."

"Right! So someone who's just like her is bound to make any guy fall head over heels for her, or in this case, Kageyama!"

"Yes," Sugawara suddenly said, his nodding continuing and surprisingly putting no strain on his neck. "You see, we're planning on having Shimizu talk to Kageyama and give him advice on how to act around someone he likes. That someone, of course, being Hinata! Shimizu shows him the works, then Kageyama demonstrates them in front of Hinata, and they live happily ever after!"

"Somehow, that doesn't sound quite as crazy as I thought you guys would come up with," Asahi mumbled quietly.

The ash-haired setter looked at him oddly. "That coming from you isn't very reassuring."

"A-ah, I'm sure it'll work!" the brunet said, waving his hands in front of his face in a defensive manner. "I'm, well, not really sure of how Kageyama would think of it, but if he agrees, then he'll be able to learn everything Shimizu teaches him quickly. He's a naturally quick learner. A genius, even."

"What did you think we were planning on doing?" Nishinoya asked curiously, completely shifting the conversation around.

Asahi laughed nervously. "Ah, something romantic like... having him speak French while they're on top of the Eiffel Tower, listening to violin music... or sending them off to a beach resort..."

"W-we're not that rich! Like those city boys!" Tanaka yelled, his voice dangerously low and scary.

Nishinoya's big eyes widened and he stared at Asahi as if he had said the dumbest thing in the history of dumb things. "Doesn't that sound more like stuff they would do after they get together?"

"Or for a honeymoon?" Suga continued, glaring at the ace who seemed to shrink like a mouse trapped in a corner, a cat looming above him. "I knew you were an imaginative romantic, but come on..."

Before Asahi could retort and defend his romantic ideals, the door swung open and in came the Oddball Duo, looking as energetic as ever. Hinata was already saying his greetings to everyone, and afterward grabbed a plain white t-shirt that was crumpled on the floor.

"Here, Kageyama! Thanks for letting me borrow it," Hinata said as he smiled his signature bright smile.

The blue-eyed boy looked at the white cloth in the other boy's hand, staring at it like it was some sort of abomination. "Didn't you borrow that a month ago?"

Sheepishly, Hinata giggled and shoved the white shirt into Kageyama's unwilling arms. His face whitened from the sweaty smell emanating from clothing, and he suddenly felt really nauseous. "I... I don't want this anymore, dummy!"

"Sorry, I actually don't know how to wash clothes properly. But anyway, I gotta go now! My mom's making my favorite tonight. See ya, guys!" Once again, the door swung open, and Hinata's smallish figure merrily ran out of the club room, leaving a dumbfounded Kageyama ready and rearing to chase him off for being so irresponsible with borrowed items.

A warm hand on his shoulder, however, stopped him in his tracks.

The black-haired boy turned his neck around and was suddenly looking directly into Sugawara's soothing brown eyes. His rage for Hinata dissipated with a sigh. "He's such a handful..."

The other setter gave him a serene smile, ones he always gave people whenever they seemed stressed, and softly patted his fellow setter on the back. "Well, that's Hinata for you. Actually, remember when I

told you to meet me up here?"

Kageyama tried to think back to when that happened, looking up at the ceiling in deep thought. "Uh..."

"Well, never mind if you remember or not. Either way, we have a special job for you, Kageyama, and only for you. Please help us out on this."

All at once, everyone else in the club room, even Shimizu who usually seemed to have a straight face, looked at the black-haired boy with pleading eyes. Kageyama was taken aback by everyone's behavior, but he eventually caved in and gave the grey-haired boy a reluctant nod of approval, which was met with cheers and applause from Nishinoya and Tanaka.

And even though everyone seemed happy, for some reason, Kageyama had a bad feeling in his stomach of a series of unfortunate events to come, but he chalked it all up to that really bad pork curry he tried a week ago.

Suddenly, he stomach grumbled in pain and agony, and he let out a sigh.

Really bad curry.

* * *

><p>Usually, the short boy periodically met up with the other half of their Oddball Duo every morning before school to have a little warm up race (that didn't count, in their win-lose tally) to the gates of the school. However, he found no sign of the pouty boy anywhere, and when he finally reached the front gates without even seeing or hearing a glimpse of Kageyama, all he could think of was the worst possible scenario.<p>

What if he was kidnapped, Hinata thought fearfully, imagining the dark-haired boy being stuffed in a bag; but because Kageyama was rather tall, the bag only covered his torso, and just thinking of that made the happy-go-lucky boy burst into a stream of laughter. No way Kageyama could be kidnapped then.

Then why wasn't he here?

With a disappointed sigh, Hinata forced his feet, which begrudgingly complied, to start walking onto school grounds. His head was low as he was in deep thought just thinking about all the possible scenarios of what could have happened to Kageyama.

Sick? Nah, Kageyama was someone who scared germs away.

Woke up late? Maybe, but Hinata always made sure to send at least five morning texts to Kageyama to make sure he doesn't sleep in like last time.

Got eaten by a gigantic werewolf that oddly resembled the Grand King? _Well_...

All of a sudden, two familiar figures under a tree caught his eyes. He stopped walking and looked at the silhouettes, realizing one of

them was Kageyama. Happy beyond belief, he started running up toward the black-haired boy, but his movements were trapped mid-motion as his brain finally registered the other silhouette.

Sh... Shimizu?

With Kageyama?

...was this a dream?

Suspicious, Hinata started walking up to the two to confront them, but the scene before him stopped him in his tracks for the third time.

The beautiful girl's porcelain arms were wrapped around Kageyama's waist, her face buried into his chest. For one, everyone knew Shimizu wasn't exactly the most affectionate kind of person out there. And another thing: why was that guy's arms around her shoulders, like he was reciprocating or something?

A burning sensation was in Hinata's chest. Kageyama, that lucky...

Shimizu and Kageyama suddenly pulled away and said their goodbyes to each other. The orange-haired boy could faintly hear Shimizu saying something about meeting up during lunchtime. Just the very prospect of Shimizu and Kageyama hugging was more than enough to fry Hinata's brain, but knowing that they'll also be having lunch together further destroyed his brain, and it felt like it was burnt to a dark, black crisp right about now.

He was still stunned with disbelief, his mind chanting no no no over and over again.

"K-Kageyama can't get a girlfriend..." Hinata whispered to himself, his voice cracking. "If he does... then... then who's gonna help me finish a whole pie of maya jaga!"

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I actually had a different chapter three posted on a different website, but I recently rewrote it. I think it's better like this. I still need to rewrite the fourth chapter, though, so that one may take a while.

End
file.